

THE
HAUNCH OF VENISON,
A
POETICAL EPISTLE
TO
LORD CLARE.

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TO

LORD CLARE.

By the late Dr. GOLDSMITH.

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T O

Lord C L A R E.

THANKS, my Lord, for your Ven'son; for
 finer, or fatter,
 Never rang'd in a forest, or smok'd on a platter :
 The Haunch was a picture for Painters to study ;
 The white was so white, and the red was so ruddy !
 I had thoughts, in my chamber to hang it in view,
 To be shewn to my Friends as a piece of *Virtu* ;
 As in some *Irish* Houses, where things are so-so,
 One Gammon of Bacon hangs up for a show ;
 But for eating a rasher of what they take pride in,
 They'd as soon think of eating the pan it is fry'd in.
 But hold—let us pause—Don't I hear you pronounce
 This tale of the Bacon a damnable bounce ?
 Well,

Well, suppose it a bounce; sure a Poet may try,
By a bounce now and then, to get courage to fly:
But, my Lord, it's no bounce: I protest, in my
turn,

It's a truth; and your Lordship may ask Mr.

BURNE.

To go on with my tale—As I gaz'd on the
Haunch,

I thought of a Friend that was trusty and staunch :
So I cut it, and sent it to REYNOLDS undrest,
'To paint it, or eat it, just as he lik'd best,
Of the Neck and the Breast I had next to dispose ;
'Twas a neck and a breast—that might rival
MONROE'S :

But parting with these I was puzzled again,
With the *how*, and the *who*, and the *where*, and
the *when* :

There's COLEY, and WILLIAMS, and HOWARD,
and HIFF—

I think they love Ven'son ; I know they love Beef ;
But—hang it !—to Poets, that seldom can eat,
Your very good Mutton's a very good treat :

Such

Such dainties to them ! It *would* look like a flirt,
Like sending 'em Ruffles when wanting a Shirt.

! While thus I debated, in *reverie* center'd,
An Acquaintance, a Friend—as he call'd himself,
enter'd ;

A fine-spoken Custom-house Officer he,
Who smil'd as he gaz'd on the Ven'son and me.

“ What have we got here ?—Aye, this is *good*
eating !

“ Your own, I suppose—or is it in waiting ?”
Why, whose should it be, Sir ? cry'd I with a
flounce ;

I get these things often—But that was a bounce.

“ If that be the case then,” cry'd he very gay,

“ I'm glad I have taken this house in my way.

“ To-morrow you take a poor dinner with me :

“ No words—I insist on't—precisely at three.

“ And now that I think on't, as I am a Sinner,

“ We wanted this Ven'son to make up the dinner.

“ I'll take no denial—you shall, and you must ;

“ And my Wife, little *Kitty*, is famous for crust.

“ We'll

“ We'll have JOHNSON and BURKE ; all the Wits
will be there ;

“ My acquaintance is slight, or I'd ask my Lord
CLARE.

“ Here, Porter ! this Ven'son with me to *Mile-*
end—

“ No words, my dear GOLDSMITH ! my very
good Friend !”

Thus, seizing his hat, he brush'd off like the wind,
And the Porter and Eatables follow'd behind.

Left alone to reflect, having empty'd my shelf,
And nobody with me at sea, but myself ;
Though I could not help thinking my Gentleman
hasty,

Yet JOHNSON and BURKE, and a good Ven'son
Pasty,

Were things that I never dislike'd in my life,
Though clogg'd with a Coxcomb, and *Kitty* his
Wife.

So next day, in due splendor to make my approach,
I drove to his door in my own Hackney-coach.

When

When come to the place where we all were to
dine,

(A chair-lumber'd Clofet, just twelve feet by nine)

My Friend bid me welcome, but struck me quite
dumb

With tidings *that* JOHNSON and BURKE could not
come :

“ And I knew it,” he cry’d ; “ both eternally fail ;

“ The one at the House, and the other with
THRALE.

“ But, I warrant for me, we shall make up the
Party,

“ With two full as clever, and ten times as hearty.

“ The one is a *Scotchman*, the other a *Jew*,

“ Who dabble and write in the Papers—like you :

“ The one writes the *Snarler* ; the other the
Scourge ;

“ Some think he writes *Cinna*—he owns to *Pa-
nurge*.”

While thus he describ’d them by Trade and by
Name,

They enter’d ; and Dinner was serv’d as they came :

At

At the top a fry'd Liver and Bacon was seen ;
 At the bottom was Tripe in a swinging terrene ;
 At the sides there was Spinage and Pudding made
 hot ;
 In the middle—a place, where the Ven'son was not.
 Now, my Lord, as for Tripe, it's my utter aver-
 sion ;

And your Bacon I hate, like a *Turk*, or a *Persian* ;
 But what vex'd me most was that damn'd *Scottish*
 Rogue,

With his long-winded speeches, and smiles, and
 his brogue :

“ And, Madam,” says he, “ may this bit be my
 Poison

“ If a prettier Dinner I ever set Eyes on !

“ Pray, a slice of your Liver ;—but may I be
 curst,

“ But I've eat of your Tripe till I'm ready to
 burst.”

“ Your Tripe !” quoth the *Jew*, if the truth I
 may speak,

“ I could eat of this Tripe seven days in the week ;

“ I like

' I like these *bere* Dinners, so pretty and small ;

' But your Friend there, the Doctor, eats nothing
at all.'

" O ho !" quoth my Friend, " he'll come on in a
trice ;

" He's keeping a corner for something that's nice :

" There's a Pasty."—" A Pasty !" returned the
Scot ;

" I don't care if I keep a corner for *that*."

" We'll all keep a corner," the Lady cry'd out :
We'll all keep a corner, was echo'd about.

While thus we resolv'd, and the Pasty delay'd,
With looks quite astonishing enter'd the Maid :
A visage so sad, and so pale with affright !
Wak'd PRIAM, by drawing his curtains by night.
But too soon we found out (for who could mistake
her ?)

That she came with some terrible news from the
Baker ;

And so it fell out ; for that negligent Sloven
Had shut out the Pasty on shutting his Oven.

Sad *Philomel* thus—but let similes drop ;
And now, that I think on't, the Story may stop.

To

To be plain, my good Lord, 'tis but labour mis-
 plac'd

To send such good Verses to one of your taste:
 You've got an odd something, a kind of discerning,
 A relish, a taste, sicken'd over by learning ;
 At least it's your temper, 'tis very well known,
 That you think very slightly of all that's your own:
 So perhaps in your habits of thinking amiss,
 You may make a Mistake—and think slightly of
 This.

THE END.

E P I T A P H.

THIS Tomb, inscrib'd to gentle PARNEL's
name,

May speak our gratitude, but not his fame.
What heart but feels his sweetly-moral lay,
That leads to Truth thro' Pleasure's flow'ry way?
Celestial themes confess'd his tuneful aid;
And Heav'n, that lent him Genius, was repaid.
Needless to him the tribute we bestow,
The transitory breath of Fame below,
More lasting rapture from his Works shall rise,
While Converts thank their Poet in the skies.

FROM

FROM THE
Oratorio of the CAPTIVITY,

BY
Dr. G O L D S M I T H.

S O N G.

THE Wretch condemn'd with life to part,
Still, still on Hope relies ;
And ev'ry pang that rends the heart,
Bids Expectation rise.
Hope, like the glim'ring taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way ;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

S O N G.

S O N G.

I.

O Memory ! thou fond deceiver,
 Still importunate and vain,
 To former joys, recurring ever,
 And turning all the past to pain.

II.

Thou, like the world, th' oppress'd oppressing,
 Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe ;
 And he who wants each other blessing,
 In thee must ever find a foe.

